

## The History of

*Prin.* Well, heere is my legge.

*Fal.* And here is my speech: stand aside, Nobility.

*Ho.* O Jesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

*Fal.* Weepe not sweete Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Ho.* O the father, how he holds his countenance?

*Fal.* For Gods sake Lords, convey my truitfull Queene;  
For teares do stop the floud-gates of her eyes.

*Ho.* O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as  
ever I see.

*Fal.* Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

*Harry,* I doe not onely marvell where thou spendest thy time,  
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammo-  
mille, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the  
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I have  
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-  
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether  
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth  
the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall  
the blessed sonne of heaven prove a micher, and eate Blacke-ber-  
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of England prove  
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,  
*Harry,* which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-  
ny in our Land; by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-  
ters doe report) doth defile? so doth the company thou keepest:  
for *Harry,* now I doe not speak to thee in drinke, but in teares;  
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes  
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted  
in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prin.* What manner of man, and it like your Majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-  
full looke, a pleasing eie, & a most noble carriage, and as I think  
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I  
remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewd-  
ly given, he deceives me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his lookes; if  
then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,  
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*,  
him keepe with, the rest banish, and tell me now, thou naughty  
varlet, tell me, where hast thou beene this month?

*Prince.*

## Henry the Fourth.

*Prince.* Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for me,  
and i'le play my father.

*Fal.* Depole me, if thou dost it halfe so gravely, so majestically  
both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles for a Rab-  
bet-sucker, or a powlters hare.

*Prince.* Well, heere I am set.

*Fal.* And heere I stand, judge my masters.

*Prince.* Now *Harry,* whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble Lord, from *East-cheape*.

*Prince.* The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

*Fal.* Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, i'le tickle yee for a  
young Prince yfaith.

*Prin.* Swearst thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne'r eelooke  
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a  
divel haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man, a tunne of man  
is thy companion; why dost thou converse with that trunk of  
humors, that boulting-butch of beastlinesse, that sowlne parcell  
of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloake-bag  
of gutts, that rosted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudding in his  
belly, that reverent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Rus-  
sian, that vanity in yeares? wherein is he good, but to taste Sack  
and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon  
and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein crafty, but  
in Villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein wor-  
thy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your Grace would take me with you: whom  
meanes your Grace?

*Prin.* That villanous abominable misleader of youth, *Falstaffe*,  
that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou dost,

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,  
were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pi-  
ty) his white haire do witness it: but that he is (saving your  
reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny: if Sacke and  
Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry  
be a sin, then many an old Oast that I know, is damn'd; if to be  
fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loved.  
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poynes*, but

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